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### Agricultural.

#### NOTES BY THE WAY.

Wayne and Oakland Counties.—Crops and  
Prospects.—A Look over Some of the  
Herds of Shorthorns.—Recent Additions to  
the Improved Stock of those Counties.

"Northville," shouted the good-looking  
brakeman on the F. & P. M. Railway morn-  
ing train of Wednesday last, and the FARM-  
ER man reached for his satchel and got out  
in short order. On the platform stood the  
rotund form of our old friend A. S. Brooks,  
veteran stock breeder and farmer, now re-  
tired to private life but taking just as active  
an interest in live stock matters as when he  
herd of Shorthorns was one of the best  
known in the Peninsular State. He now  
lives in the enterprising and thriving village  
of Northville, in the center of a community  
where he has been a well-known figure for  
the past forty years. Age has dealt kindly  
with him, and he enjoys life about as well  
as any one we know of. A hearty shake of the  
hand, and we were off to see some of the  
farms and live stock in the vicinity.

The first stopping place was at the farm  
of Mr. W. T. Johnson, who had recently re-  
turned from Kentucky with some additions  
to his herd of Shorthorns. Mr. Johnson has  
a splendid farm, which he has brought into  
a high state of cultivation by underdrainage  
and careful farming. He has always kept a  
large amount of live stock on this farm,  
mostly cattle and sheep, having a very fine  
and large flock of grade Merinos. The season  
has been an unfortunate one for spring  
crops in this vicinity. Wheat turned out  
well, and oats fairly; but the promise for  
corn, potatoes and clover seed is very  
poor. Seeding, generally, is a failure in this  
neighborhood, and this is a loss which seri-  
ously affects the crops of the coming year.  
Here and there a piece of corn would be  
seen which looked fairly well, but a good  
deal of it did not promise anything more  
than "rubbins," and not much of them. It  
was excessively dry, and rain having fallen  
for nearly two months. The pastures all  
along the route were very brown, and the  
water courses dried up. Arriving at the  
farm, we first took a look at a young bull  
purchased to head the herd. He is about  
eight months old, red in color, and called  
Duke of Headwater. His sire was Barrington  
Duke 3d 37623, dam Sharon Duchess 2d  
by Barrington Duke 3d 37624; g. dam,  
Duchess 29th by 4th Duke of Geneva  
(30958), and tracing to Imp. Rose of Sharon  
by Belvedere (1706). So far as breeding is  
concerned he is good enough for any one,  
and with good form and color there is no  
reason why he should not prove a fine addi-  
tion to the herd. In the pastures the bal-  
ance of the herd, some dozen females of all  
ages, were found. They are in good condi-  
tion, and considering the season, with their  
brown pastures and swarms of flies, looked  
very well indeed. The females purchased in  
Kentucky were a Henrietta and a Flat  
Creek Young Mary, both with top crosses  
of pure Bates bulls of the richest breeding.  
They are respectively the three year old  
heifer Alice Aldrie 10th, with her red heifer  
calf by Barrington Duke 3d 37623, and the  
three year old Young Mary cow, Bonny  
Hillhurst 10th, with heifer calf, also. They  
will be valuable additions to this herd, and  
are good animals individually as well as  
highly bred.

From Mr. Johnson's a long drive brought  
us to the farm of Mr. O. R. Pattengill, near  
Plymouth. He was away, but we stopped  
long enough to see the young Shorthorn  
bull purchased from the herd of Mr. C. F.  
Moore, of St. Clair, and which stood at the  
head of the Moore herd at the State Fair of  
1885 when it carried off first premium. He  
is as straight in his lines as then, a little  
thinner in flesh, but looking well. Mr.

Pattengill has about a dozen females of all  
ages.

A short distance from here was the farm  
of our old friend Mr. Thomas McClumpha,  
whom we found busy getting in his oats.  
No few minutes visit will do Mr. McClum-  
pha, and the balance of the day was spent  
in looking over his farm, buildings and  
stock. He is a general farmer, grows large  
crops of grain, keeps a flock of grade Meri-  
nos and a good dairy herd of grade cows.  
A fine roan steer, a grade Shorthorn, weigh-  
ing 1,940 lbs., which Mr. McClumpha says  
never had any grain, would do no discredit  
to the Chicago Fat Stock Show. Were the  
corn was also very backward. Wheat and  
oats, especially the former, had done well.  
Orchards had done nothing, and the large  
one on this farm showed little fruit. One  
of his sons is interested in grape growing,  
and has quite a vineyard. The rot has  
battered him a good deal, although he has  
tried nearly all the known remedies. He  
thinks sulphur the most efficacious of any  
application he has used.

From here we drove back to Northville,  
and during the night had the pleasure of  
listening to a good shower of rain falling,  
which must have done a world of good. The  
next morning the rain was still falling, but  
a start was made for the farm of L. L.  
Brooks, near the village of Novi. Here we  
found quite a change since our last visit  
some four years ago. A new and tasty resi-  
dence has taken the place of the old one; a  
fine stable and carriage house, with the  
grounds nicely laid out, showed that Mr.  
Brooks had not been standing still.

Mr. Brooks has the bull Phyllis Duke 2d  
67203 at the head of his herd. He was sired  
by Oakland Rose of Sharon 44453, dam Red  
Bird 2d by 11th Duke of Hillsdale 13937,  
and tracing to Imp. Young Phyllis by Fair-  
fax (1023). He is a red in color, and his  
stock is giving good satisfaction. The cow  
Kate Napier 4th, by Mazurka Duke 23924,  
dam Kate Napier by Imp. Robert Napier  
8975, and tracing to Imp. Flora by Lafon's  
Son of Comet (185), is a fine animal. She  
was bred by Wm. Ball, of Hamburg, and  
from her Mr. Brooks has bred a fine heifer  
by Duke of Lexington 51513, which has now  
a very fine three months old heifer calf by  
Phyllis Duke 2d at her side. Kate Napier  
4th this season had a bull calf, now eight  
months old, sired by Oakland Rose of Sharon  
44453, which is a well grown animal, red in  
color. An eight months old heifer by Phyllis  
Duke 2d 67203, and from Lorena by Red  
Bear 36584, is a handsome animal in every  
way, straight, well grown, nice red color,  
neat head, and a model in her present form.  
A four months old heifer calf from Melody  
3d by Red Duke 40533, is also a neat and  
handsome animal, very similar to the other.  
The breeding cows in the herd were  
looking well, and their calves thriving.

The rain stopped in the afternoon, and  
we started for Mr. Brooks' old farm, where  
his son Henry is now living. Of course  
Henry, being a Brooks, must have some  
Shorthorns, and sure enough he has started  
a herd also. He has the Phyllis cow Red  
Bird 2d by 11th Duke of Hillsdale 13937,  
dam Red Bird by Duke of Greenwood  
9855, tracing to Kate Turley by Bulmer  
(1760), and Imp. Young Phyllis by Fairfax  
(1023). From her he has bred two calves.  
One is a red yearling bull by Oakland Rose  
of Sharon 44453, a very nice animal, with  
the color and much of the appearance of his  
sire. He has also a very nice red bull calf,  
a few months old, by Hero 4th 43940, the  
bull which until recently stood at the head  
of the herd of W. C. Wixom. He has in  
all six females, mostly cows, and he has  
them all in good shape.

The Brooks farm was divided, and the  
other half of it is owned by Homer Brooks,  
another son of A. S. Brooks. He has also  
started into cattle breeding, and has already  
some eighteen head of all ages. He pur-  
chased at his father's sale the cow Oxford  
Rose 2d, bred by Avery & Murphy, sired by  
33d Duke of Aldrie 19393, dam Imp. Oxford  
Rose by King of the Roses (32043); the cow  
Harmony 3d, by 5th Duke of Acklam 41734,  
dam Harmony by Marshal Mazurka 52651,  
tracing to the Cruickshank cow Imp. Bloom  
1st by Diphthong (17681); also the cow  
Rowena 11th, by Corporal 7760, dam Rowena  
10th by Clark's Duke 6340, running to Imp.  
Pomona by Bedford Jr. 1701. From Geo.  
W. Stuart of Grand Blanc, he purchased the  
cow Twinkle, by Independence 32577, out of  
Cora Queen 2d by Duke Kanak 36494,  
running to Imp. Young Mary by Jupiter  
(2170). He also has the cow Belle Mahone 5th,  
bred by A. S. Brooks, sired by Red Prince  
24578, dam Belle Mahone 3d by Plinwood  
Lad K. 24382. From these cows he has  
bred a number of calves, the females being  
kept on the farm. He decided to attend the  
series of sales held in Kentucky a few weeks  
ago. There he purchased three head, a  
yearling bull and two cows. These com-  
prise the heifer Alice Aldrie 11th by Hunt's  
Sharon 52927, dam Alice Van Meter by  
Renick's Sharon 53530; g. dam, Alice 6th,  
by Aldrie 12th 31591; g. dam, Alice 3d  
by Aldrie of Montgomery 7464, running to  
Imp. Henrietta by Red Prince (2439). She  
has a beautiful heifer calf, some months old,  
which was sold separately and secured by  
Mr. Wixom. These Henrietta stand well  
in Kentucky both for breeding and individ-  
ual merit. The other cow, Fortune 7th,  
is another Henrietta, is seven years old, red  
in color, sired by Gomme's Duke 51296, out  
of Fortune 3d by Aldrie 13th 31591, g. dam,  
Fortune by Aldrie of Montgomery  
7464, thence running to Imp. Henrietta by

Red Prince (2439). She is in calf to Kir-  
klevington Marquis 52310, a highly bred  
Kirklevington bred and owned by Williams  
& Hamilton, Mt. Sterling, Ky. The bull  
selected by Mr. Brooks to head his herd is  
not only well bred but a very handsome animal  
of great style. He is a deep red in  
color, with little white between the fore  
legs, a star in his face and a white tip to  
his tail. He is a rangy animal, high headed,  
with splendid front, good back, loin and  
flank, and straight top and bottom lines.  
He has good growth for his age, and is re-  
markably even for a young bull. As to his  
breeding it is as follows:

HOMER'S DUKE OF FLAT CREEK.—Red;  
bred by J. C. and George Hamilton, Flat  
Creek, Ky.  
Sire—3d Duke of Kent 51119, by Barrington  
Duke 37622, out of 3d Duchess of Kent, by  
8th Duke of Geneva (23890).  
Dam—Norubee Lady Belle 2d, by Duke of  
Norubee 9620.  
2 dam—Norubee Belle, by Duke of Norubee  
9620.  
3 dam—Barrington Belle 2d, by Earl of Bar-  
rington 23017.  
4 dam—Barrington Belle, by Earl of Bar-  
rington 23017.  
5 dam—Belle of Bath, by Bell Sharon 9507.  
6 dam—Belle, by Bell Duke of Aldrie 2533.  
7 dam—Mary, by Challenger 284.  
8 dam—Red Beauty, by John Randolph 603.  
9 dam—Hannah More, by Goldfinder (2068).  
10 dam—Imp. Young Mary, by Jupiter 2170.

This is a choice bred animal, and the  
preponderance of Bates blood in his top  
crosses gives him his style and finish. His  
sire, the 2d Duke of Kent, is now at the  
head of Palmer & Bowman's great herd at  
Saltville, Va., they paying \$6,100 for him.  
He is credited with being one of the greatest  
Shorthorn sires now living. With the start  
he has Mr. Brooks is going to be heard from  
among the breeders of Shorthorns. He has  
the enterprise, and is naturally a hustler;  
whatever he has will be well kept, and when  
he gets into the showing ring it may surprise some  
of the older breeders. Here a party was formed  
to visit Mr. Wixom's herd, consisting of A.  
S. Brooks, N. A. Clapp, Homer Brooks,  
Henry Brooks, W. T. Johnson, and L. L.  
Brooks.

The crowd did not scare Willard a par-  
ticle. He joined the procession and started  
out to the farm where most of his Short-  
horns are at present. This herd now num-  
bers about 70 head of all ages. It contains  
representatives of the Hilpa, Kirklevington,  
Rose of Sharon, Young Mary, Cruickshank,  
Duchess of Sutherland, Young Phyllis,  
Aylesley Lady, Rosabella, Gwynne, Rose-  
mary, Miss Wiley and Lady Helen families,  
tracing from 1840 to five of each. Until  
recently his herd was headed by the bull  
Hero 4th 43940; but he concluded that he  
had used him as long as he could, and de-  
cided to go to Kentucky and get something  
else. He got the yearling bull Barrington  
Duke 7th, and as he was sired by the 2d  
Duke of Kent also, all were anxious to  
compare him with his half brother, the  
Brooks bull. When he was led out for  
inspection, his likeness to the Brooks bull  
struck every one. He has the same color,  
a little less white between the forelegs, but  
the star and white switch just the same.  
It spoke well for the 2d Duke of Kent as a  
sire, for these two bulls are not only alike  
in most respects, but they copy closely after  
him. Every one will ask "Which was the  
best?" That will depend upon how you are  
looking at them. Either one of them is a  
grand show animal, and if they develop as  
they now promise will prove valuable  
additions to the herds of this State. The  
breeding of the Wixom bull is very fine,  
and we give it herewith:

BARRINGTON DUKE 7th.—Red; calved  
March 30, 1885; bred by J. C. and George  
Hamilton, Flat Creek, Ky.  
Sire—3d Duke of Kent 51119, by Barrington  
Duke 37622, out of 3d Duchess of Kent, by  
8th Duke of Geneva 23891. Barrington Duke  
was by 14th Duke of Thorndale (24596),  
which sold for \$17,900.  
Dam—Barrington Lady 3d, by Barrington  
Duke 37622.  
2 dam—Imp. Barrington Lady, by Duke of  
Rosedale (37322).  
3 dam—Imp. Lady 8th by 7th Duke of York  
(17164).  
4 dam—Lady 3d by 4th Duke of Oxford (11887).  
5 dam—Lady, by Earl of Derby (10177).  
6 dam—Olive Leaf 3d, by Earl of Liverpool  
(9061).  
7 dam—Olive Leaf 2d, by 2d Duke of Cam-  
bridge (3638).  
8 dam—Olive Leaf 1st, by Belvedere (1706).  
9 dam—Lady Barrington, by Son of Her-  
man (304).  
10 dam—Young Alice by Wonderful (700).  
11 dam—Old Alice by Alfred (23).  
12 dam—, by Young Favorite (6994).

This breeding cannot be beaten, and the  
animal that beats this bull individually  
will be an uncommonly good one. He is  
very strong in back, loin and hindquarters,  
with a wonderful development for one so  
young. The other purchases of Mr. Wixom  
were the Flat Creek Young Mary heifer  
Lillie Belle Barrington 2d, by Prince Bar-  
rington 60725, dam Lillie Belle Barrington  
by Barrington Duke 37623; g. dam,  
Lillie Belle Norubee 2d, by Duke of  
Norubee 9620; g. dam, Lillie Belle 3d,  
by Duke of Norubee 9620; g. g. dam, Lillie  
Belle, by Earl of Barrington 23017, running  
to Imp. Young Mary by Jupiter (2170); the  
Henrietta cow Maggie Wellington 2d, by  
Renick's Sharon 53530, dam Maggie Wel-  
lington, by Gomme's Duke 51296; her calf,  
Maggie Cahill, by Xleber (Vol. 33), he by  
4th Aldrie of Sharon 49717, a son of a  
4th Duke of Geneva; Clara Belle, red roan calf  
sired by Barrington Duke 2d 37623, dam  
Alice Aldrie 11th, the cow purchased by  
Mr. Homer Brooks; the Gwynne heifer  
Kirklevington Nell, red, two years old, by  
11th Duke of Kirklevington 51125, dam,  
Springfield's Ward, by Duke of Spring-  
field 51323. These five head are all of  
choice breeding, and will be a fine addition  
to the Wixom herd.

This herd is in fine shape, and contains  
a number of big show cows which are true

representatives of the Shorthorn. A num-  
ber of young calves and yearlings by Hero  
4th are in the herd, and speak well for him  
as a stock animal. Mr. Wixom reported a  
greatly improved demand for Shorthorns,  
and attributes it to farmers being educated  
up to the point where they want to im-  
prove their stock by the use of good bulls.  
Certainly Michigan breeders are pushing to  
the front in Shorthorns, judging from the  
high quality of the stock now coming into  
the State.

#### SUGGESTIONS.

The editor, or writer, who regularly each  
week dishes up a column of "suggestions"  
for the month, is cultivating as barren a  
desert as exists anywhere on paper. It is a  
species of egotism that assumes the prerogative  
of oracle in agricultural affairs, and is  
an insult to every farmer who is supposed to  
know enough about farm duties to clean his  
house at convenient and seasonable times,  
or to set his celery plants if he desires to ex-  
periment with that esculent.

It is not in this sense that my "sug-  
gestions" are presented, but as personal hints  
which I have received and have been think-  
ing about. The hours of labor on a farm  
have changed somewhat within the memory  
of most farmers, and the change has been  
for the better for both parties—employer and  
employee. Ten hours is the maximum limit  
of endurance for both men and teams if both  
are active, and put in their best strokes.  
Those farmers who try to enforce the sun to  
sun schedule, are invariably treated to a gait  
and a stroke that will take out the strength  
to cover the time, and no greater progress is  
made with the business in hand. If help  
have a little leisure before breakfast to look  
at the papers and magazines which should  
lie upon every farmer's table, the work will  
not suffer for it during the season. The six  
o'clock supper and close of field labor at ten  
hours, is the greatest and best innovation up  
on old practices that has occurred. It gives  
a little daylight for rest or recreation after  
the farm chores are done, and good help ap-  
preciate this, and are the better for it. The  
whole of daylight for work, and the whole  
of the night for sleep, will dull the zest for  
labor, and spoil the best of hired men, by  
making them plodders instead of active  
workers in anything.

I received a letter from a friend not long  
since, who suggested that a good article  
might be written upon the importance of  
having tools and facilities for speedily and  
effectively presenting the work in hand. A  
look through this farmer's tool house would  
dispel the thought that he was suffering for  
want of an implement to prosecute any  
branch of work, which might have given  
him little cause to be lectured upon this  
point. Three or four implement dealers in  
every town are living off the commissions  
on the sale of tools purchased by farmers. A  
tool house of no mean dimensions, is one of  
the essential buildings now upon every farm,  
and no small part of the expenses of running  
a farm is for repairs and the purchase of  
new tools. The most effective tool is the  
cheapest, and any work that is worth doing  
at all, is worth doing well and speedily, if it  
takes a new tool to do it with. In this con-  
nection comes another suggestion, that the  
necessities of the case now compel farmers  
to do effective work in a short space of time.  
I remember with a good deal of impatience,  
the weary days of harrowing in my boyhood,  
and the superficial manner in which the  
work was performed. A tough sod can now  
be brought under subjection in one-fifth of  
the time formerly required for the operation.  
One of the many spring tooth harrows or a  
disc harrow, will accomplish more by day's  
work, than could be done in five with the old  
fashioned tools. The question often comes  
up whether some sort of surface cultivation  
is not better for the land and the crop, under  
certain conditions, than the slow process of  
plowing. Some of the wheel cultivators har-  
ving spring tillage will do very effective work  
four or five inches and will not clog. It  
strikes me that an oat stubble can be pre-  
pared for wheat, where such a rotation is  
desirable, with a spring tooth, or a disc har-  
row, and leave the stubble on the surface  
where it belongs, and the corn stalks below  
where they were placed by the spring plow-  
ing. By the use of the smoothing plank the  
surface can be well pulverized and leveled  
off. I am sure that a fall crop following  
beans can be well and efficiently sown in  
this manner.

A naturally porous soil does not need to be  
stirred to so great a depth as many suppose,  
and nature always provides for its accumu-  
lations of fertility upon the surface, where it  
acts as a mulch, until it becomes fitted by de-  
cay for plant food. The rage for deep plow-  
ing came with its possibilities. Ages of suc-  
cessful agriculture were accomplished by stir-  
ring the surface, before the plow, as we know  
it, was invented. The plow is too slow, even  
now, for the brisk competition we are com-  
pelled to face, and a speedier implement is  
bound to supplant it. Old ways of doing  
things must give place to new processes.  
The splints our fathers and perhaps our  
back-woods cousins pounded out for corn  
baskets are now split with a knife driven by  
steam and the basket is made in the time it  
took the former maker to whittle his chew  
of tobacco. The farmer who expects to get to  
the front must do it by some of the fast  
going vehicles or fail. It won't do to wait  
until they all get aboard, to see if the train  
is really going; you may get left, my friend.  
Keep up, if you can't be at the front.

A. C. G.

#### THOSE "SUMMER LESSONS."

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

The article in the last FARMER, under  
the above heading, from your most valued  
correspondent A. C. G., deserves not  
only to be read but to be studied. But  
before passing to consider its contents per-  
mit me briefly to allude to one "summer  
lesson," which it did not contain. I will  
only mention by way of allusion, "Bohe-  
mian Oats" and \$15 wheat, such as the Iowa  
correspondent speaks of. It would seem  
that after the many timely warnings, through  
the columns of the FARMER and other  
public journals, and the dear bought ex-  
periences of the farming community in this  
direction, no more need be said; but then  
the old lady's truism of "the fools not all  
dead yet," comes in as fresh to-day, and as  
appropos as when it was first uttered. We  
would like to admonish every one against  
such silly impositions, but patience fails us,  
and we intellectually revert to the  
Scriptural expression about "baying a fool  
in a mortar." It's no use—he will come out  
fool every time. Lightning rods and  
Bohemian oats will always find their victims.  
Still there are a few who will probably re-  
member their "summer lessons" in these  
costly experiments.

The individual who thinks to enrich  
his thin soil by sowing rye and buck-  
wheat, is more excusable. The delusion  
is not so palpable upon its surface,  
but is hidden in the abstract recesses  
of science. The writer is no scientist,  
but has found by hard experience that it  
is sometimes well enough to listen to those  
who are. Michigan is in one sense at  
least, a favored State. We have in our  
midst an Agricultural College. It is a  
pioneer institution, and to the present day  
maintains its prestige of the best in the  
Union, but it must look well to its laurels,  
for competition is close upon our heels, not  
from the older States, as might naturally be  
expected, but from such western states as  
Missouri and Kansas and Texas.

But to the summer lesson of A. C. G. It  
is well that he should tell us of his utter  
failure to fertilize his soils with rye and  
buckwheat as green crops, and his successes  
in clover. In this respect "history repeats  
itself." He does not tell us "why this is  
thus," but the able faculty of our college  
farm have told us time and again. It is  
the simple fact, that clover draws fertility  
from the atmosphere, and incorporates it in  
the soil. It is not necessary for every  
farmer to know why, or in what manner  
a clover plant will draw from the atmo-  
sphere the subtle elements of fertility, and  
incorporate them in the soil, while a buck-  
wheat or rye plant will not. That is a  
question our most scientific men can't  
answer. But the fact that it is so should  
by this time be generally known to the  
reading public, and every farmer at this  
age of the world should be the reader of at  
least one agricultural journal. Buckwheat  
and rye as green crops have their uses, but  
do it understood these uses are not as  
fertilizers, but as pulverizers of the soil.  
Plow them into your stiff clay soils, and  
they will render them loose, mellow and  
friable, and by this loosening process they  
enable a clay soil to inhale from the passing  
atmosphere ammonia and other fertilizing  
ingredients, which if the soil were baked  
and compact, would drift along on the  
wings of the wind to some more congenial  
abiding place.

It is not the first time I have endeavored,  
through the columns of the FARMER, to  
point out the fact that the atmosphere is an  
inexhaustible magazine of fertility, and  
one from which every one is permitted to  
draw, without incurring the liability of  
an action of trespass from his neighbor.  
The methods of drawing down this great  
deposit of fertility are various, and among  
them all the use of clover is probably the  
most efficient. Whether our good farmers  
generally understand this in theory or not,  
they have generally learned it in practice  
for were it not for the fertilizing effects of  
clover upon the soil, there would be no  
crop of it raised. Strictly considered as a  
hay crop, other grasses would be preferred,  
and clover would be left out. Nearly or  
quite all leguminous crops possess the same  
faculty of drawing fertility from the at-  
mosphere—but perhaps none to the same  
extent as clover. Peas, beans and other  
trot plants always stand ready to do for  
us the same work, and this is why a pea or  
bean field is almost as good for wheat as a  
summer fallow. It should also here be  
stated that we may utilize this vast atmo-  
spheric deposit without the aid of cultivated  
crops. That is, by the process of absorp-  
tion. We have only to keep the surface of  
the ground loose by the frequent breaking  
of the crust, and it will grow rich by night  
and day. Hence the great value of a well  
cultivated summer fallow. This is also the  
greatest reason why constant and persever-  
ing cultivation is so essential to the pro-  
duction of a good corn crop. A very slight  
crust upon the surface of the earth cuts off  
communication, and sends away the floating  
ammonia to enrich some other man's field,  
or to wander in idleness through the eternal  
realms of illimitable space.

OLD GENESEE.

The dates fixed for the annual fair of the  
Romeo Farnought Driving Park Association  
are October 5th to 8th inclusive. Mr.  
C. J. Phillips is Secretary, and will send  
particulars and furnish full particulars on  
application.

#### THE STATE FAIR.

Last week a representative of the FARMER  
took a run out to Jackson to see how the  
citizens of that enterprising city are  
preparing to accommodate the State  
Fair, and to entertain the citizens  
of Michigan who are interested in  
the exhibition. That Jackson is going to do  
her part to make the fair of 1886 the largest  
and best ever held can be depended on if  
money and hard work will do it. The citi-  
zens have contributed \$9,000 in money, and  
it is being judiciously expended on the  
grounds and buildings. It is safe to say that  
when the fair opens, it will be in the best  
buildings and general arrangements that  
they have ever had. Since the last fair was  
held there, many changes have been made.  
The Grand Trunk Railway has taken a slice  
off for their track, but this has been equalized  
by filling up the river and on the new made  
ground the sheep and hog exhibit has been  
located. Besides this the committee has pur-  
chased ground on the west side that more  
than makes up for what has been given up to  
the railroad, and the territory now occupied  
is larger than the State Fair had in 1883.

In the purchase of the addition to the  
grounds, the citizens of Jackson have ever  
an eye on the future, and if the fair is ever  
located permanently they expect to put be-  
fore the committee such arguments in the  
way of accommodation that they will never  
look any farther. If the citizens of Detroit  
will not come to the front and offer the So-  
ciety such inducements as will bring them  
here, the enterprise of Jackson could be re-  
warded by locating there. It is central and  
in direct communication with every line of  
railway in the State, and this will be one of  
the principal points held out to induce the  
permanent location of the fair at Jackson.  
Of course, Lansing will be a strong competi-  
tor, and her people expect to knock Jack-  
son out in the first round. With Baker and  
Turner to represent her Lansing will not  
suffer, and while Jackson has such men as  
Sharp, Clark and Root to put in her claims,  
the locating committee can rest assured that  
nothing will be left to their imagination.

The buildings that are being put up give  
the visitors an idea of permanence, and al-  
though Horticultural Hall is the only one  
finished, yet enough has been done on the  
others to show that the Society will be better  
accommodated in 1886 than they have been.  
A new grand stand is being erected,  
and when finished will be the finest in the  
State. A new fence is being put around the  
track; the posts are to be painted red  
and the fence white.

The prospects now are that on Wednes-  
day and Thursday of the fair President  
Cleveland and his wife will be present.  
Mrs. Cleveland has a number of relatives  
living in Jackson, and she has assured them  
that unless something unforeseen should  
occur, they will certainly be present.  
The executive committee was somewhat  
at a loss for a special attraction for Friday,  
the last day of the fair, but here again the  
citizens of Jackson came to the rescue; al-  
though they had already raised \$9,000 they,  
generously contributed another thousand  
for a military drill on Friday, and already  
twenty-two companies have signified their  
intention of participating. This ought to  
make Friday the big day of the fair.

The Secretary called our attention to an  
error in the premium list which he wished  
corrected through the FARMER. On page  
29, Class 4—Jerseys, Bull 4 years old or over,  
the premium should be \$20 instead of \$25  
as published.

#### WHAT AILED THE HOGS?

FRANCISCO, Mich., Aug. 2, 1886.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

On Wednesday last I turned three breed-  
ing sows and seven spring pigs into a wheat  
stubble about eleven o'clock, first watering  
them. The hogs seemed somewhat uneasy  
at first and ran along the fence trying to  
get out, but I thought nothing of it. About three  
o'clock a neighbor asked me if I knew that  
some of my hogs were dead. On examination  
I found one sow and two pigs dead, while  
another sow and pig seemed very much  
nearly dead. To relieve them I showered  
with cold water; but they both afterwards  
died, as did also another pig about seven  
o'clock the same evening, making six in all.  
Those that we saw died in spasms, their  
skins turned purple and they bloated im-  
mediately after dying. I opened one and  
found the intestines very much inflamed.

I would like to ask if any of the readers  
of the FARMER have ever had a similar ex-  
perience and to what cause do they attribute  
it? I might add that the hogs had just been  
taken from another stubble field, and had  
not been driven ten rods. There was no  
water that the hogs could get at, as I intend-  
ed to supply them with trough and water  
that evening.

A. BERGER.

#### Description of the "Nigger" Wheat.

The writer has been raising the above  
wheat for the last three years, and it has  
done best for me of any variety which I  
am personally acquainted with. It is a red,  
bearded, white chaff wheat; the berry is  
large and shaped not unlike the Lancaster,  
straw tall and stands up well; it is also a  
large yielder. Last year after corn it yield-  
ed 36 bushels per acre, machine measure,  
averaging 40 bushels by weight. My en-  
tire crop went close to 30 bushels per acre.  
It is the earliest kind I have ever raised,

and should be cut before too ripe, as the  
shells quite easily. Although not ex-  
empt entirely from the ravages of the fly  
yet it has done better in our near vicinity  
than most any other variety. The fly did  
great damage to our wheat this season.  
Many fields of the Martin, Amber, Clawson,  
and Red Diehl were hardly worth the har-  
vesting; while the poorest field of the Nig-  
ger wheat I have seen will yield 15 bushels  
per acre, and some of my lots will go 22 to  
25 bushels. I have yet to see the first weevil  
in it, and have never seen any signs of rust.  
It thrives out a large amount of grain to  
the straw. Last year mine yielded more  
bushels than there were dozens. It also  
stands out extra well in the spring time.

It was stated in the Ohio Farmer that  
the origin of the Nigger wheat is as follows:  
Some time ago some colored people migrat-  
ing from Kentucky into Ohio, brought wheat  
with them and sowed it in their gardens.  
Enterprising farmers who saw that it was  
something new, carefully saved the seed,  
and from this small beginning it has been  
increasing from year to year, and many  
thousands of bushels are raised in many  
parts of Ohio. The African was the first to  
bring it into notice, hence the name "Nig-  
ger." Heck Brothers, proprietors of the  
mill at Tecumseh, Lenawee County, say of the  
variety











# MICHIGAN FARMER.

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## MICHIGAN FARMER.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1886.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post-  
office as second class matter.

### WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week amounted to 505,232 bu., against 717,738 bu., the previous week and 192,354 bu. for corresponding week in 1885. Shipments for the week were 333,948 bu. against 467,330 bu. the previous week, and 315,373 bu. the corresponding week in 1885. The stocks of wheat now held in this city amount to 832,922 bu., against 788,593 last week and 348,766 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The visible supply of this grain on July 31 was 34,656,964 bu., against 33,187,006 the previous week, and 38,407,948 bu. at corresponding date in 1885. This shows an increase from the amount reported the previous week of 2,469,358 bu. The export clearances for Europe for the week ending July 31 were 1,444,319 bu. against 1,387,338 the previous week, and for the last eight weeks they were 10,884,052 bu. against 5,557,761 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1885.

The market has ruled very steady all week, and at the close was in about the same position as the week previous, the only change being a slight advance in values. The receipts of wheat are quite heavy, and much in advance of last year. A great deal of it comes in over the Wabash railroad, and from a considerable distance. Very little new Michigan wheat has yet been marketed, but the steam threshers are at work in every direction, and more liberal receipts from this State may be looked for in the near future—provided, however, that the market warrants it. Michigan farmers are generally in a position to hold their crop for a time if indications are such as to warrant it. The crop this season is turning out well in quality, and in some localities large yields have been secured. Yesterday this market was quiet but steady at the opening, but gradually declined under unfavorable advices from other points. Chicago was weak and closed lower. New York was lower on both spot and futures. Liverpool was quiet with a poor demand. The "visible supply" increased over 2,000,000 bu. during the week, and the crop is said to be threshing out in excess of estimates.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of spot wheat from July 20th to August 9th, inclusive:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3
July 20	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 21	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 22	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 23	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 24	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 25	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 26	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 27	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 28	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 29	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 30	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 31	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
Aug. 1	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 2	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 3	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 4	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 5	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 6	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 7	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 8	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2
" 9	81 1/2	80 1/2	79 1/2

The following table gives the closing prices each day of the past week on the various grades of No. 1 white:

	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.
Tuesday	77 1/2	78 1/2	79 1/2
Wednesday	77 1/2	78 1/2	79 1/2
Thursday	77 1/2	78 1/2	79 1/2
Friday	77 1/2	78 1/2	79 1/2
Saturday	77 1/2	78 1/2	79 1/2
Sunday	77 1/2	78 1/2	79 1/2

For No. 2 red the closing prices on the various dates each day of the past week were as follows:

	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.
Tuesday	78 1/2	79 1/2	80 1/2
Wednesday	78 1/2	79 1/2	80 1/2
Thursday	78 1/2	79 1/2	80 1/2
Friday	78 1/2	79 1/2	80 1/2
Saturday	78 1/2	79 1/2	80 1/2
Sunday	78 1/2	79 1/2	80 1/2

The Department of Agriculture of India has issued its final report on the wheat crop of 1885-6. From it we learn that the whole area under wheat the past season is estimated to have been approximately 37,392,742 acres, with a yield of about 7,739,424 tons, equivalent to 288,988,496 bushels of 60 lbs. The 1884-5 area was estimated at 37,630,293 acres and the output at 7,713,096 tons, or 287,955,584 bushels, so that the 1885-6 crop shows an increase in yield of 26,928 tons, or 982,912 bushels on an area smaller by 237,481 acres. This is somewhat remarkable in view of the fact that the year 1884-5 was pronounced "exceptionally favorable" for wheat, while considerable injury was reported late in the last season.

India's export of wheat was unusually large last year, 39,312,969 bushels, against 39,550,741 bushels the previous year. It seems hardly probable that her exports this year will equal those of last, because prices abroad are lower than they were a year ago, and also because her granaries were doubtless drawn upon to a considerable extent last year in order to make the export noted, nearly all of which will probably be made good this year.

India's wheat crop is not enormous by any means, nor is her exportable surplus so large as to be necessarily cause fluctuations in the price of wheat in foreign markets. Its great influence upon the English and Continental markets primarily and secondarily upon our own, is due to several causes, one of which is the extreme cheapness of its production, and in this respect it is impossible for the United States to compete with India. It is true that the cost of local transportation in India is relatively high, but, on the other hand, ocean freights to the consuming countries are relatively low, thus equalizing the cost of long-distance trans-

portation and permitting the delivery of the grain to the English or European consumer at rates competition against which does not afford much profit. Again, owing to the depreciation of silver, the English consumer is virtually enabled to purchase Indian wheat at a discount of 15 to 20 per cent, while he cannot do so from other wheat-producing countries. These three factors, cheapness of production, cheap freights and virtual heavy discount to the purchaser, exert a potent influence against us as competitors, and through their agency India's exportable surplus of less than 40,000,000 bushels has repeatedly been used as a lever to depress prices.

The area sown to wheat in India this year will be smaller than that of last year, owing to drouth at seed-time. Rain was anxiously looked for at last advices.

The exports of wheat and flour reckoned as wheat during the fiscal year ending June 30, amounted to 94,557,149 bu., against 132,570,366 bu. the previous year, a decrease of 38.67 per cent.

The receipts of home and foreign grown wheat in the United Kingdom for the week ending July 31 were from 1,200,000 to 1,375,000 bu. less than the estimated consumption. For the eight weeks previous it was 139,054 quarters (8 bu. to the quarter) more than the estimated consumption.

Quotations at Liverpool yesterday for American wheat were as follows, per cental: Winter, 6s. 6d. @ 6s. 8d.; spring, 6s. 6d. @ 6s. 8d.; California, No. 1, 6s. 7d. @ 6s. 9d. Market steady but demand poor.

### CORN AND OATS.

#### CORN.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week were 9,238 bu., against 13,950 bu. the previous week, and 3,705 bu. for the corresponding week in 1885. The visible supply of corn in the country on July 31 amounted to 9,241,159 bu. against 9,449,859 bu. the previous week, and 5,758,304 bu. at the same date last year. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 203,700 bu. The exports for Europe the past week were 736,374 bu., against 807,543 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 7,756,689 bu., against 6,521,473 bu. for the corresponding period in 1885. The stocks now held in this city amount to 2,109 bu. against 8,532 bu. last week and 4,100 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885.

Rains have fallen in various parts of this State the past week, to the great benefit of the corn crop, although in some places the crop seems damaged beyond recovery. Other States have suffered severely from the same cause, and while the general tenor of reports are to the effect that the injury inflicted on the crop has not been so great as feared, it is pretty well established that it will be considerably below that of last year, with the most favorable conditions from now until it is matured; an early frost, however, would be very disastrous owing to the backwardness of the crop. Quotations in this market are higher than a week ago. No. 2 spot is selling at 44 1/2 c., No. 3 at 43 1/2 c., No. 4 at 44 c., No. 2 yellow at 44 1/2 c., and No. 3 do. at 43 1/2 c. Futures are quiet, with No. 2 for September delivery quoted at 40 c. The Chicago market has been moderately active and firm during the week. Values have ruled steady, and show little change as compared with a week ago, spot No. 2 is quoted at 43 1/2 c., No. 3 at 42 1/2 c., No. 4 at 41 1/2 c., No. 2 yellow at 43 1/2 c., and No. 3 do. at 42 1/2 c. In futures August delivery is quoted at 43 c., September at 44 c., and October at 45 c. The Liverpool market is reported steady with demand showing some improvement. Quotations there are 1s. 1 1/2 d. per cental for new mixed, 4s. 1 1/2 d. for August, 4s. 2 1/2 d. for September, and 4s. 3 d. for October delivery.

#### OATS.

The visible supply of this grain on July 31 was 1,754,774 bu., against 1,854,715 bu. the previous week, and 1,771,633 bu. August 1, 1885. The exports for Europe the past week were 90,515 bu., and for the last eight weeks were 807,627 bu. against 298,477 bu. for the corresponding weeks in 1885. The visible supply shows a decrease of 99,941 bu. during the week. Stocks held in store here amount to 32,408 bu., against 13,270 bu. the previous week, and 24,948 bu. at the corresponding date in 1885. The receipts at this point for the week were 52,882 bu., against 29,385 bu. the previous week, and 11,406 bu. for the corresponding week last year. The shipments for the week were 8,864 bu., against 794 bu. the previous week, and 446 bu. for same week in 1885. The transactions consist largely of new oats, which are quoted higher than a week ago. New No. 2 mixed are quoted at 29c., and No. 2 white at 32c. per bu. In futures August deliveries are quoted at 29c. for No. 2 mixed, and September at 29 1/2 c. At Chicago oats are quiet and steady, with No. 3 mixed at 27 1/2 c. for spot, 28 1/2 c. for September delivery, and 29c. for October. No. 2 white spot are quoted at 30 1/2 c. Sales by sample range about 1 1/2 c. per bu. above these figures. The New York market is quiet and steady, with mixed a little lower than a week ago. Quotations there are as follows: No. 2 white, 42 1/2 c.; No. 3 do., 40 1/2 c.; No. 2 mixed, 37c.; ungraded, 36 1/2 c. for mixed, and 34 1/2 c. for white. Speculative dealings are light, and buyers are inclined to keep close up with the market and take no risks. The future of oats depends very largely upon the outcome of corn, and until that is ascertained fully it would be nonsense to predict the course of the market. As it is, we regard oats at present prices as good property.

### DAIRY PRODUCTS.

#### BUTTER.

The market is gradually firming up under lighter receipts, and somewhat of a scarcity of choice table grades. Good to choice creamery now commands 17 1/2 c. per lb., and good to choice dairy 18 1/2 c., with extra quality bringing a cent more. There is no doubt the passage of the bill taxing and regulating oleomargarine will have a beneficial effect upon the dairy interest, and if fully enforced will be a boon to consumers in enabling them to escape from the fraud and trickery which had made them suspicious of all butter and thus shortened its consumption very materially. Those who prefer oleomargarine can still have it, and they will not have to pay the price of good butter for it either. We consider the bill one of the most important to the farming

interest which has been passed in years. Of course there will be a determined fight made against its enforcement, but we hope to see all of its provisions carried out, and all transgressors have entire justice meted out to them. The Chicago market is quiet and steady, with values showing little change. Stocks of fine creamery are light, and such commands 17 1/2 c. for round lots, and 19c. occasionally for an extra article. Fine dairy stock sells at 14 1/2 c., ordinary at 8 1/2 c., and packing stock at 6 1/2 c. per lb. Buyers and sellers do not agree in their views, and the former are inclined to hold off and wait for better terms. The New York market has improved during the week, and all grades of good table butter are higher. Of the market the N. Y. Daily Bulletin says:

"All really first-class table butter retains a good market, the fanciest and necessarily the highest-priced goods finding quickest and closest sale. Buyers are not moving in a free, open manner, and contest the cost with a little more spirit than usual, and this makes the advance somewhat slow; but on the upper grades we find that whenever an alteration on quotations becomes necessary it goes to a fractionally higher level. The supply of choice creamery has not increased to the extent predicted by some of the trade, and this is helping to support the market, and the latter held at the extreme point of quotable valuation on pails, though grocers handling the latter pay the usual premium for single package lots. Fancy Western creamery will not exceed 19 1/2 c. on open market, though this is below the ideas of some holders. State dairy tubs and pails if fancy do very well, but faulty goods have very little chance on the general market. The Western packings are ruling about steady, and where quality has any merit owners are inclined to carry with some confidence on the belief that the check to production has been quite as serious as reported."

Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

EASTERN STOCK.	
Creamery, pails, fancy	19 1/2
Creamery, pails, choice	17 1/2
Creamery, pails, good	15 1/2
Creamery, pails, ordinary	13 1/2
State dairy half-drain tubs, fancy	18 1/2
State dairy half-drain tubs, choice	16 1/2
State dairy half-drain tubs, fine	14 1/2
State dairy half-drain tubs, fair	12 1/2
State dairy half-drain tubs, ordinary	10 1/2
State dairy, Welsh, prime	17 1/2
State dairy, Welsh, ordinary	15 1/2
State dairy, Welsh, choice	13 1/2

Western imitation creamery, choice. 13 1/2  
Western do. good to prime. 11 1/2  
Western do. fair to good. 10 1/2  
Western dairy, good. 10 1/2  
Western dairy, ordinary. 8 1/2  
Western factory, choice. 10 1/2  
Western factory, fair to good. 8 1/2  
Western factory, ordinary. 6 1/2

The exports of butter from American ports for the week ending July 31 were 506,284 lbs., against 408,644 lbs. the previous week, and 430,684 lbs. two weeks previous. The exports for the corresponding week in 1885 were 521,412 lbs.

CHEESE.

The cheese markets are all quiet and steady except New York, where values have been advanced upon light receipts of fancy grades, and reports of a shrinkage being certain in the present condition of pastures. In this market quotations are unchanged, and range as follows: Full cream Michigan, 8 1/2 c.; full cream New York, 8 1/2 c.; full cream Ohio, 8 1/2 c. Skims are not inquired for. At Chicago choice full creams are quiet and unchanged, with very light arrivals. Quotations there are 7 1/2 c. per lb. for cheddars, 7 1/2 c. per lb. for flats (two in a box), and 8 1/2 c. for Young American. Skims and all, and sales were made at 1 1/2 c. per lb. The New York market is a little stronger for finest quality, but only steady on all other grades. In its review of the market the N. Y. Daily Bulletin says:

"Cheese has presented a market barren of anything that could fairly be called a new feature. There has been a repetition of the old close and careful figuring, with slight alterations of tone as demand might happen to quicken or weaken, but on the whole the market has been a rather dull level for fancies, with many lots accepted over which the discrimination was evidently less marked than last week. That of course shows the bulk of advantage in sellers' favor more positively marked by the fact that all second qualities toward a fractional higher level. The market is a little stronger for finest quality, but only steady on all other grades. In its review of the market the N. Y. Daily Bulletin says:

Quotations in that market yesterday were as follows:

State factory, fancy	8 1/2
State factory, choice	7 1/2
State factory, good	6 1/2
State factory, medium	5 1/2
State factory, light skims, common	4 1/2
State factory, light skims, average	4 1/2
State factory, light skims, choice	4 1/2
State dead skims	3 1/2
Ohio flats	4 1/2

Of the Montreal market, the Gazette says: "There was a certain amount of firmness on the Montreal cheese market, which, in view of cost in the country, was not surprising, as holders were reluctant to submit to any less money than the goods could be replaced for. The demand from exporters, however, was no better than slow, and only such lots were taken as necessity compelled. In one or two cases 5 1/2 c. was paid for finest white, which warrants the extension of quotations to that figure. The cable was unchanged at 41s and private advices were no better, which makes it evident that the indifference of shippers is not assumed, but is really the result of an absence of orders and the lack of buying accounts from abroad. The weather is exceptionally fine for the making and keeping of stock, and so far as can be learned there is every prospect of a uniformly full make during August; and although the exports to date are away behind last year, it would be rash to assume that the ratio of decrease already shown will be continued. The decreased export, too, has been without apparent beneficial effect on the market, and judging by all advices received the sentiment on the other side favors a low range of prices. There was business to-day at 32 1/2 c., and small lots of finest were picked up for less."

The receipts of cheese in the New York market the past week were 66,906 boxes against 65,084 boxes the previous week and 57,496 boxes the corresponding week in 1885. The exports from all American ports for the week ending July 31 foot up 5,856,571 lbs., against 6,998,023 lbs. the previous week, and 6,419,393 lbs. two weeks ago. The exports for the corresponding week last year were 7,291,706 lbs. Of the exports, 2,813,100 lbs. were from Montreal. The Liverpool market is quoted steady with quotations on American cheese at 41s. 6d. per cwt., the same figures as quoted a week ago.

We regret to learn that Mr. E. E. Shepard, President of the New York State Sheep Breeders' Association, died at his residence at Canandaigua, on July 24th. He had been a member of the above Association since its organization, and was one of the oldest breeders of thoroughbred Merino sheep in the State.

### WOOL.

It was firmly believed by nearly every one that the strength and activity which characterized the wool markets of the country during July would be followed by a period of dullness during August. While the sales have fallen off in amount, there is as yet no signs of either dullness or depression in the trade. On the contrary, everything in relation to the market shows that increased strength and advancing values are more probable than the reverse. When we state that Michigan wool has sold up to 35c. the past week in Boston, our readers can draw their own conclusions as to the feeling which must pervade the trade. The advance in values has been caused by the result of the sales which began at Antwerp last week, where prices are reported to be fully 25 per cent higher than at the May sales held there, and showing an advance over the values obtained at the London sales. The cable also reports private sales in London at an advance of ten per cent over the prices ruling at the close of the July sales. It is not strange, therefore, that holders of wool on this side of the Atlantic should advance prices and feel greater confidence in the future.

The sales at Boston the past week footed up 2,164,100 lbs. of domestic and 252,000 lbs. of foreign, a total of 2,356,100 lbs. against 3,114,000 lbs. the previous week. Among the sales in that market were Michigan X (choice) at 35c., and ordinary at 31 1/2 c.; Ohio X at 32 1/2 c.; delaine at 37c.; unmerchantable at 33 1/2 c.; California spring at 23 1/2 c.; Australian at 37 1/2 c.

The Boston Journal of Friday says of that market: "There should be no hesitation on the part of manufacturers, as wool is as low now as it is likely to be for some time to come. The St. Louis and Chicago markets are slightly easier, but this is nothing more than was expected. A considerable concession could take place at all interior points and still wool could not be bought to realize a profit here. The prospects of the trade are certainly very encouraging. Manufactured goods, too, are doing better, and several of our largest mills have sold large quantities of their product, and in instances at five per cent advance."

The advices from abroad have been of an important nature. Cables from London received yesterday report an active and advancing market with prices fully one penny higher, and 6,000 bales fine Australian and Cape disposed of at private sale. The American buyers have been taking hold freely of English and Irish combing wools, and it is said that some 4,000,000 lbs. have been purchased, 3,000,000 pounds of which are on manufacturers' account. Cable advices from Antwerp report the opening of a series of sales there on August 2. There was an active competition and prices advanced 25 per cent over those ruling last May. These advices being received yesterday caused a firmer feeling, and the backbone of the market is as strong as ever at the close."

The New York market is quiet but firm, and while sales have not been large they show conclusively how strong the market is. The Economist reports sales of Michigan and Ohio XX fleece at 35 1/2 c., Ohio at 34c., fine unwashed at 24c., fine delaine at 37 1/2 c., and No. 1 Ohio and West Virginia at 38 1/2 c. Referring to the recent advance in values that paper says:

"After such an amazing demand and positive advance, at a moment when the great clips of the world were finding a market, and when, according to the laws of the trade, prices could have favored the buyer, it is not strange that all markets should have become excited. But who will assert they have been less firm? We fancy no one, as the tendency is quietly yet assuredly toward a higher altitude."

"All wool coming forward from abroad therefore come out at much higher cost than last year. The Montevideo clothing wools which fell in price at Antwerp last year from 10 1/2 pence to 7 1/2 pence went up in May to 9 1/2 pence, and they are now up to 10 1/2 pence. This advance in three months is astonishing. Nothing like it has occurred in half a century before. What is true of the South American wools is true of Cape, and no snow white washed wools will evermore enter Boston Harbor while the present tariff is in force below 30 cents a pound duty. Nor will the Highland wools of Scotland come into New York or Philadelphia harbors unless at double the duty of 1884-5."

"Those who went abroad four months ago and bought the fine wools of Australia and the worsted wools of England at ridiculously low prices will never get the same opportunity perhaps evermore—yes, evermore. The telegrams from London and Antwerp and all foreign markets convey alarming news of the advancing prices of wool. Why are prices of wools advancing abroad? It is because our reports from all parts of the world are confirmed of a smaller and less desirable clip of wool, and because there is an active request for some sorts now which after a while will become general, while the mills are generally running at headlong speed at profitable enough rates, and are unable to deliver goods as fast as called for. The wool market is therefore in a position where prices of textiles must follow the upward course of raw material and labor."

"Our wool market, and those of other local cities are reported quiet, but the cause of this, the trade are unable to handle or sort the wool fast enough, and they will not accept offers on 60 days, preferring to keep the stock in their own hands and take their chances until then."

"An invoice of 350,000 pounds of fine wools was sold in this market this week direct from farmers to mill agents at 34 1/2 c., taken as a whole without throw or without any allowance for freight, cartage and other charges. There ought certainly to be an allowance of 2 1/2 c. made against this for selected and thrown wools."

If this is the condition of affairs in the leading eastern markets during the dull month, what may we expect when the "heated term" is over; and business opens in earnest? Higher prices seem inevitable, and the sheep seems likely to be again re-instated in its old position of prime favorite with the farmers of the country."

### The Visible Supply.

A dispatch from Chicago yesterday says that the number of bushels of grain in store in the United States and Canada August 7, and the increase and decrease compared with the previous week, is as follows: Wheat, 36,752,574 bu.; increase, 2,095,910 bu. Corn, 3,695,346 bu.; decrease, 545,813 bu. Oats, 3,091,231 bu.; increase, 366,457 bu. Rye, 420,827 bu.; increase, 49,311 bu. Barley, 252,884 bu.; decrease, 25,886 bu.

Mr. J. S. HOLLINGSWORTH, of Indianapolis, Ind., sends the following notes: "We are having drier weather than for years. Four kinds of bugs are eating up the potatoes. Outlook not good for more than 60 per cent of a crop. Corn good except on clay lands. Wheat turned out better than expected—30 to 35 bushels per acre. Hogs very scarce, but no cholera."

### THE TROUBLE AT THE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

The recent trouble at the Agricultural College has ended in the submission of a part of the students and the suspension of eighteen members of the senior class for one year. This is a serious matter to those suspended, and one which they could easily have avoided. We think these young men were hot-headed and ill-advised. They placed themselves and the State Board in a position where one or the other had to back down. From their position the State Board could not recede without loss of respect from the students themselves, and the subversion of the discipline demanded by such an institution. The students worked themselves into the belief that they were the parties attacked, while in reality it was the well-being of the College which was in jeopardy, and they were the assailants. How long would such an institution stand if the students, while under the influence of some pique at a member of the faculty, could drive him out whenever they saw fit to do so? Would not success in one case lead them to try the same tactics again, until the College would become the laughing stock of every body? Fortunately the State Board is composed of excellent material, and while it listened patiently to the complaints of the students, when a decision was once arrived at there was no division as to the course to pursue. It was a crisis for the College, and the Board acted differently the result might have been disastrous.

And now a word about the member of the faculty whose dismissal was demanded by some of the students: Professor Samuel Johnson has been in charge of the farm department of the College and filled the chair of Professor of Agriculture for a number of years, succeeding Mr. A. B. Gulley. His management of the farm and live stock has been entirely satisfactory, even the students who oppose him acknowledging this. The farm has been skillfully managed, and in a very fine state of cultivation; the livestock was never so well selected and cared for, as at present, and never before have the students had an equal opportunity of acquainting themselves with the characteristics of the various breeds of farm stock, and their management, as is now offered.

Of the work of the Professor in the classroom we cannot say so much from personal knowledge; but during the few times we had an opportunity of being present it certainly seemed as if the Professor was performing his work conscientiously and well. Certainly the classes were attentive and respectful, and seemed fully satisfied with the methods employed. We know the members of the Board have the utmost confidence in Prof. Johnson, both as a man and an instructor, founded upon a number of years' close contact with him.

Outside of the College Professor Johnson stands deservedly high. He has always been recognized as a courteous and modest gentleman, anxious to do all in his power for the advancement of Agricultural knowledge in the State, and to those who have met with him, or listened to his lectures at the various State Institutes the past four or five years, the statements made by some of the students will be received with wonder and incredulity. We feel the Professor has done much to popularize the College, and that the members of the State Board of Agriculture are better prepared to judge of his capabilities than a few young men who have allowed their temper to get the better of their judgment. While we feel very sorry for the young men involved in this unfortunate affair, we cannot but heartily commend the action of the State Board of Agriculture, believing it was for the best interests of the institution whose government had been placed in their hands.

At one time Mr. Louis J. Jennings was the editor of the New York Times, and that paper was an earnest exponent of free-trade principles under his management. Mr. Jennings was an Englishman, and upon his retirement he was succeeded by another Englishman, Mr. George Jones. He is also a devoted admirer of free-trade principles. Mr. Jennings went back to his native land, and was elected to Parliament. He made a speech some time before the adjournment of Parliament, and in the course of it said:

"Notwithstanding the efforts of the Cobden Club and the other nations of the world seemed as far off as ever from realizing the blessing of free-trade, so far as opening their own ports to our merchandise was concerned. America had been deluged with Cobden Club pamphlets, but the only effect they had produced there and elsewhere else they had been circulated was to confirm the belief of their readers in protection. There was no free-trade party at all in the United States at the present time—the free-trade politicians in the Union at this moment could all be put in a one-horse omnibus without inconvenience to themselves. There was a party in favor of tariff reform, but that was very different from free-trade."

This is a singular statement to come from a free-trader; but perhaps his residence in the United States changed his opinions in some respects.

The Wabash through their agent A. F. Wolfshlager, Detroit, and A. D. Armstrong, Jackson, announce that on Aug. 17th, Sept. 7th and 21st they will sell round trip tickets from all points in Michigan, Ohio and Indiana, to land points in Arkansas, Kansas, Nebraska, Dakota, Minnesota and Texas, at about one fare for round trip. Tickets will be good to return within twenty days from date of sale. This will be an excellent opportunity for persons desiring to purchase land or who may wish to visit relatives and friends in the west or southwest.







## Poetry.

## MY LOVE

Not as all women are  
Is that to my soul dear:  
Her glorious fancies come from far,  
Beneath the silver evening star,  
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,  
Which lesser souls may never know;  
God giveth them to her alone,  
And sweet they are as any tone  
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,  
Although no home were half so fair;  
No simplest duty is forgot,  
Life hath no dim and lowly spot  
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses,  
Which most leave undone or despise;  
For naught that sets one heart at ease,  
And giveth happiness or peace,  
Is low esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,  
And, though she seems of other birth,  
Round us her heart betwines and clings,  
And patiently she folds her wings  
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so,  
And deeds of week-day holiness  
Fall from her modest as the snow,  
Nor hath she ever changed to know  
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto,  
Her life doth rightly harmonize;  
Feeling or thought that was not true  
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue  
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman: one in whom  
The springtime of her childhood years  
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,  
Though knowing well that life hath room  
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still  
As a broad river's peaceful might,  
Which, by high towers and lowly mill  
Goes wandering at its own will,  
And yet doth ever flow right.

And on its full, deep breast serene,  
Like quiet isles my duties lie;  
It flows around them and between,  
And makes them fresh and fair and green,  
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

—James Russell Lowell.

## MEASURING THE BABY.

We measured the riotous baby  
Against the cottage wall,  
A tiny grew at the threshold,  
And baby was just as tall.

A royal Tiger-lily,  
With spots of purple and gold,  
And the heart of a jeweled chalice  
The fragrant dew to hold.

Without the blue-birds whistled,  
High up in the old roof-trees;  
And to and fro at the window  
The red rose rocked her leaves.

And the wee pink dots of the baby  
Were never a moment still,  
Slapping at shine and shadow  
That danced at the lattice-sill.

His eyes were wide as blue-bells—  
His mouth like a flower unblown—  
Two little bare feet like funny white mice,  
Peeped out from his snowy gown;

And we thought, with a thrill of rapture  
That yet had a touch of pain,  
When June rolls around with her roses,  
We'll measure the boy again.

Ah! me! in a darkened chamber,  
With the sunshine still away,  
Through tears that fell like a bitter rain,  
We measure the boy to-day.

And the little feet that were dimpled  
As once as a budding rose  
Lie side by side together,  
In the hush of a long repose.

Up from the dainty pillow,  
White as the risen dawn,  
The fair little face lay smiling,  
With the light of heaven thereon;

And the dear little hands like rose leaves  
Drooped from a rose, lie still,  
Never to catch at the sunshine  
That crept to the shrouded sill.

We measured the sleeping baby,  
With ribbons white as snow,  
For the shining rosewood cradle  
That waited him below.

And out of a darkened chamber  
We went with a childless moan;  
To the height of the sinless angels  
Our little one had grown.

## Miscellaneous.

## THE COLLIER'S HUT ON SCATI-KOKE.

"Grampa!" Sylvia began, bending over to comb his hair with her fingers.

His head rested—where old heads had been pillock a hundred years before—on the high back of the old, slender, green arm-chair.

It was a weather-worn old head. The storms had swept the thatch from its roof, except two tangled wisps that hung over the ears, one above each ear. These—the bushy locks of course, and not the ears—Sylvia was industriously trying to curl.

They wouldn't curl, and Sylvia didn't care; but she did care very much, as we shall see, about something else.

She lived in Cornwall, among the gray old Litchfield Hills, that stood—and I think still stand—in the northwesternmost cranny of Connecticut.

The folk of Cornwall are no better than they ought to be, of course; but where—except among the reader's own kith and kin—will you find surlier, kinder hearts? And who of them surlier, sweeter than Sylvia? What a little pine knot she was! Tough as one, and, I am sure, could flare up like one if she got afeared.

Just now, however, her eyes were full to their brims with happy tears. Grandpa usually kept her laughing, although the men in the woods thought him rather sober.

"Well," he asked, pinching her knee, "and what does missy want out'n Grampa, now?"

"Why, who said I wanted anything?" Sylvia replied, an eager quaver in her voice. "But I do. Mrs. Cotter was a-talkin' to-day—"

"Most generally kinder always is," he interrupted.

"Was a-talkin'," continued Sylvia, "about a family in 'Peepee that want a cottage for the summer. Now there's that hut up on Scatiko, very near where you're choppin' wood—"

chubby knot under his chin. "No, I want you to rent our house to them, and let us camp out in that hut."

"I want 't know!" Grandpa exclaimed, so much astonished that he nodded right off to sleep.

When he awoke, the warm, soft knot of fingers was still under his chin, and the warm presence of lips on his forehead.

"I knew you would!" said Sylvia. "Knew I would! Bless me! Who said I would?" he asked.

But it came to pass. Grandpa told her to "get that notion out'n her head," but not, when they got into her head, seemed, like mice caught in a trap, to forget the way out.

The next Tuesday morning Mr. Marsh drove up, with Jennie and Whitefoot hitched to the big wagon, and into it went boxes and bundles, and chairs, and Grandpa, and Towser, the dog, and Sylvia, and Mouser, the kitten, and on to the mountains they went for the summer.

They were poor and lived alone; she was housekeeper and maid-of-all-work, sometimes making baskets to sell. He, an oaken-limbed man of nearly sixty, earned their living by chopping wood for charcoal.

What a ride that was! The boughs that bent to touch them, and all the waving trees on the mountains seemed to give them welcome. The last late leaves had broken out, and lay, paler threads, on the rich wool of foliage, rent here and there far up by jagged crags, to whose dizzy edges shreds of clouds still clung.

Though other rifts in the leafy world were seen piles of pink-white leafy blossoms, drifted among the rocks.

Squirrels chattered, birds—now dipping restless wings in the shimmering sunlight, now diving in the cold depths of the foliage—chirped and trilled; other mysterious wood-voices came cheerily from under the shady boughs, and the very horses snorted as if in hearty good humor.

As for Sylvia, her heart ran over again and again in joyous tears that the wind tried to dry with her loose tresses.

At last they came to the old collier hut, standing on a "pit"—a wide, round shelf on the mountain side—where charcoal had once been burned.

When Mr. Marsh had driven off, Sylvia and her Grandfather hustled about like two squirrels sitting up their home.

Grandpa had re-roofed the hut with fragrant hemlock boughs and earth. He now fashioned two rude beds out of poles stuck in crotches, and replaced the fireplace, hanging an old crane in it.

Sylvia made the beds, swept and brushed and tidied all day. A curtain was hung in a corner for a wardrobe. A box turned on its side, served—when Grandpa put a shelf in it—for a pantry and a table.

When Grandpa came in from chopping their fire-wood, he found their table spread with a coarse cloth, the butter dripping over the nicely browned edges of a pile of toast, beside it a plate of flakes of cold lamb, while the teapot sent out its sweet breath from the hearth.

Supper over, Sylvia took soap and tea-towel to the edge of the brook that tumbled by their new home, not twenty feet away. Grandpa brought the dishes to a wide, smooth rock, and Sylvia washed them in the running water. When they were wiped, she hung her towel on the bushes, and went to feed Mouser.

She felt queer to go to sleep in that wild nook, and the "hook, hook," of an owl overhead made her get up and sit by the embers on the hearth.

When the owl flew away, and she could hear only the splashing of the brook, she crept back to bed again, and slept till Mouser woke her by trying to burrow under her neck.

Grandpa was gone, but soon returned with three fat trout from the brook. These were done brown on a spit, some potatoes were roasted in the ashes, and a merry breakfast they had of it. After prayers, Grandpa shouldered his axe, and lifting Sylvia to kiss her, said:

"Good-bye. Take care o' things. You're queen now of the whole mounting."

"Queen! Dearie me!" replied Sylvia. "Queens don't wash dishes, and darn stockings, and—"

"I don't know," he answered. "Yes, I guess some Queens 'd want to darn their baby's stockings. We'll ask Queen Victoria about it when we go to see her."

Sylvia looked sober. Any queen would be glad to see Grandpa, and she would make her just the prettiest little work-basket, with a pink pin-cushion in one corner, and a rustic "Y" worked—

"Good-bye, little one!" said Grandpa. "Good-bye."

The dishes washed and house tidied, Sylvia took her pitcher to go for the milk. Over the old coal-road Mr. Marsh's cows passed to and from pasture. The tinkling of the cow-bell could be heard now.

As she walked along she looked far down into the valley where lay her home, low and white, with petals of the white roses blowing from it like snow-flakes.

"Mr. Marsh," she said, when she had watched him milking awhile, "please let me try to milk."

"I want to know!" he exclaimed. "Lem me see your fingers. Oh! them little things. They—why, old Gem 'd think they wuz fly legs, and kick."

"Please let me try," she said.

She tried, and succeeded so well that the next Tuesday Mr. Marsh said she could do her own milking right at her own door.

So, every morning when she heard the tinkling of the bell, she went out with a carrot for old Gem, and milked her yellow plover full.

Happy wood life! But it all came to an end one night in this way.

Supper was ready, puffy white biscuits from Mrs. Marsh, and nice brown slices of ham on the table, and the tea was simmering on the coals.

Sylvia went to call her Grandfather, who was hard at work felling a tree that seemed in danger of falling on the house; but he knew how to make it fall away from the house.

"Supper's ready!" she called.

"Don't say!" he replied. "Well, I can't say I am, quite; I'd like to get this tree down first, Missy."

"Please come now, an' finish choppin' after supper," Sylvia answered.

After supper he sat down in the red fire-light.

"Fur just a minute," he said.

But soon—nod, nod, nod—he was fast asleep. In an hour he started up with wide open eyes, declaring that he had "nigh about got asleep," and pinching Sylvia's lips when they smiled. They had both forgotten the half-felled tree, and soon they were asleep in bed. Mouser and Towser were asleep on the hearth, where the fire—which they usually needed in the evening—drowsed slowly to sleep under its gray ashes.

When Sylvia awoke in the night the wild howling of the trees, and the hard beating of the rain, told that it was storming. She listened awhile in a little dread, but soon slept calmly again.

A frightful crash awoke her. She started up. A falling timber had struck her. With heart choking with fright, she sprang from her bed.

There lay Grandpa, a huge limb of the fallen tree across his body. She went to him. He was breathing hardly.

"Oh! Grampa! Grampa!"

A thread of scarlet wound across his white forehead.

"Oh! Grampa! Grampa!"

But Grampa could not hear. Only One could hear, now. Her pale, shivering lips moved, and her eyes looked out through the open roof into the dark sky.

The prayer was heard. Its answer was a brave heart. Calm and strong now, she started to rise. A dart of pain from her bruised or broken limb made her heart faint. She could not walk, hardly crawl.

She crept slowly to the door. It had ceased raining. Dimly she saw the tree tops surge and fall, like dark, wild waves down the mountain side.

She crept back. The blood oozed still from the broken temple. In a moment she had torn a sleeve from her night-dress and bound the wound.

Then she bowed her head upon the breast where the old heart beat faintly. She knew not what to do. Again she looked out through the shattered roof and prayed. Her heart grew faint. Upon the pillow of that hard breast she slept the deathly sleep of faint.

The cool air revived her. It was lighter dawn now. Faint, far off, she heard the tinkling of a bell. The cows were coming home.

A brave, quick thought came. There was one hope of getting help, of saving her grandfather.

Hardly wrapping the large gray shawl about her, she crept slowly to the door; out in the chilly air. Slowly, every movement with sickening pain, she crawled over the wet grass.

At last she creeps up on the big rock by the roadside. Some water lies in a hollow of it. She bathes her fainting temples and waits and prays.

Nearer and nearer comes the bell. Now the quiet eyes of Old Gem, as she rounds the turn in the road, look up at her.

"Suke! Gem. Suke! Gem. Good old Gem!"

Sylvia holds out her empty hand. Why had she forgotten the carrot? What if she should pass by? No. Gem turns, and, drawing near, lifts her nose to Sylvia's palm. Finding it empty she turns away; but—leaping with all her strength—Sylvia falls upon the back of the kind old brute.

Hardly stopping to look around old Gem moves on. Sylvia lays her head upon the soft shoulder, her bare arm around the old cow's neck.

Slowly, how slowly! the little herd moves homeward. Here old Gem stops to bite a tender clump of grass. Sylvia beats with her fists upon the cow's side and she starts on.

So slow! She is so faint! Fainting; all is growing dark; her arms unclasp; she is falling.

The tramp of running feet stirs her dulling senses. Dimly, in the darkness, she sees a face; she falls into the strong arms of Mr. Marsh. She can only say:

"Grampa—is!—and all is night."

When Sylvia awoke the next, sweet face of Mrs. Marsh bent over her. Memory seemed yet unconscious fill a throb of pain quickened it. Then a cold pressure stifles her heart.

"Oh! Mrs. Marsh! Grampa? Is he?"

"Safe? Yes, little one, and asleep now, in yonder," replied Mrs. Marsh. "Now take some o' this broth, an' keep quiet, that's a dear."

Safe! The ice broke from about her heart, and it beat warm and full again. Safe! And she saved him.

I saw Sylvia, yesterday, sitting, with a great bowl of peas to shell, upon the back porch. Her head rested upon the high green back of her Grandfather's chair. She is a grandmother now.

The few fine threads left of her childhood tresses are white as her pale forehead. A thread of it fell over her eyes yesterday, as we were talking, and she pulled it vigorously, thinking it a ravelling of her cap.

Grandpa's life has hidden in it many a story of braver things than I have told of.

For many a crushed and fainting heart has she found and saved, and this when her own hopes have been often shattered as her limb was. The aching of her own heart never tempted her to forget others. Never! She has learned.

"—how sublime a thing it is To suffer and be strong."

"Grandma," I said, "do you know, or half know, how much we all love you for it all?"

Her thumb went plowing down the furrow of a broken pod, sending the peas bubbling over her pale hand into the pan.

"I know this much, Missy," she answered, "that I do not love these new-fotten peas like the sweet old white marrowfat. But," she added, after a pause, "I love you all very much."

Did ever Grandma say so much of her affection? You never heard "I love you" on her lips, but you felt it in the touch of her hand and saw it in the calm gray eyes. She ever was and is, and forever must be, a grave, sweet, sensible helper of every one, and best of all helping us to help ourselves.

—N. E. Farmer.

The claims as to the curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla are based entirely on what the people say it has done for them. Send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., for a book containing statements of many remarkable cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The power to earn is a boon. The will to save is a virtue.

## AN AFTERNOON'S IMPRISONMENT.

"Dorothy, thy father says to caution thee about fastening the house carefully when thou leaves it. We are about to start, and will return at eight in the evening," said Mrs. Caxton, standing in the doorway of her daughter's chamber.

"Ready, mother? I hope thee will enjoy thyself with my sister and her wee ones," said Dorothy, kissing the cheerful face in the depths of the drab silk bonnet. "Give Prudence my love, and the babies this little package of sweets, please."

"This will not be lonely, my daughter?"

"No, mother. Rest thy heart. These know I am going over to Fanny Roberts', and her brother will take us for a row on the lake."

"Who are the others, Dorothy?"

"Thomas Larkins, and," with a slight blush which her mother noted silently, "and Frederick Morris, and that pert Belle Kenyon, who is visiting Fanny."

"Hush, my daughter. It is not kind to criticize thy companions."

"But mother," pouted Dorothy Caxton; "she is pert and conceited with her city ways; and these would not like to have her make sport of the Quakers, would thee, mother dear?"

"No, Dorothy. Has she done that?"

"Yes, mother; she laughs at our speech, and when I mentioned Thomas and Frederick, she said, 'Oh! you mean Mr. Larkins and Mr. Morris.' Father is calling thee, mother. Tell me, does my white dress look well? I spent most of the morning ironing it."

"Thee is very youthful and comely in thy white robes, Dorothy," and Mrs. Caxton gazed fondly at the graceful figure, "but remember, a meek and lowly spirit is more to be desired than all outward adornments. Let thy heart be spotless as these, daughter," touching the white roses on Dorothy's bosom. "Yes, yes, coming, John!" and with a hasty kiss, Mrs. Caxton joined her husband.

Dorothy watched them as they drove away, and turned back to the mirror with a smile. "I don't care what mother says about outward adornments," she murmured, rebelliously, pulling out the soft brown curls which clustered about her forehead in the most un-Quakerish manner. "I do love pretty things: And Belle Harris wears such bright colors. I wish mother had let me have that cluster of pink roses at Mrs. Gray's for my sun-hat, instead of this plain little bunch of green leaves." Dorothy looked discontentedly at the broad-brimmed straw, as she gave dainty little touches to the snowy lace. "I believe I'll gather some of those sweet-scented geranium leaves and put with the white roses in my gown. Frederick likes geraniums," with a little flush.

The Caxton household had been built in the colonial days by Hugh Caxton, Dorothy's great-great grandfather. It was a quaint house, with something of the sturdy honesty and uncompromising severity of its Quaker builders. Last year, Dorothy's father had been induced by his pretty daughter to let Richard Greene re-paint the long veranda and blinds and window-casements of the old mansion. Dorothy wanted a deep red tint; but John Caxton and his demure wife decided on pure white, which made the dull gray stone appear more Quakerish than before.

Over the windows were heavy stone lintels of a severely ornamental style. Those of the lower rooms reached to within a couple of feet of the window-sills of the second story chambers, and terminated in a flat stone ledge. On the ledge below Dorothy's windows stood a row of house-plants, her especial pride.

Old houses, like chronic invalids, are always ailing, and in constant need of repairs. Broken window-panes bring fits of chills upon the chambers; locks and hinges grow rheumatic; cracks in the plastering show like gaping wounds; and fire-places have frequent attacks of indigestion.

Dorothy's chamber was a large one, fronting the south, the two windows furnished with inside blinds of heavy oak, which, instead of swinging open, shoved up and down by means of pulleys. One of the pulley-ropes had yielded to the effects of age and Dorothy's impatient pushes and given way. But reforms moved slowly in the Caxton household.

"There's always things enough to be tinkered," grumbled Dorothy's father, when she told of the pulley. "Last week I screwed up that faucet which thee could not shut, and where the water went dripping, drip, all the day, and replaced that broken pane of glass in the north chamber. And week before that I mended the broken pump, and put a new lock on thy mother's door. And this week I mean to see what's the matter with the draught of the kitchen range, and I don't know when I'll get round to that pulley."

Hence, for several weeks the Quaker's daughter had recourse to an old black walnut stair-rod, tipped with brass, which had been cast aside to make room for those of more modern manufacture, by which she propped up the heavy blind. Dorothy had not placed the rod with her usual carefulness when she threw up the blind that morn, ing, and now while clinging with one white hand to the window-sill, she leaned far out and downward to reach the geraniums, the brass tipped rod began to slip slowly along the polished oak window-seat, till it tumbled out entirely, and down came the blind across the girl's back and arm.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Dorothy, "if that had fallen with greater force, it would surely have broken my arm! But what in the world am I to do? I can't move, and there isn't another person in the house."

Dorothy thought over the situation. It was a most uncomfortable position. Head and shoulders and right arm outside of the second-story window, left wrist, hand and lower half of the body in Dorothy's chamber. Her head and shoulders were bent over the flowers, and she could not raise them. The house stood back from the street, almost hidden by an apple orchard, whose trees were now rosy and fragrant with blossoms. There was little travel on this secluded country road. Mr. and Mrs. Caxton would not return before night; and pretty Dorothy was a prisoner.

"It must be nearly three o'clock," thought the girl, "and I promised to be there at three. They will go off on the lake without me; and Belle Kenyon will be only too glad to get Frederick by herself!" Here Dorothy made a desperate effort to regain her freedom. "I wonder if I can make any one hear?" Again and again the girl's clear voice rang out in a cry for help, which only beat itself out against the stone walls of the old homestead. A sound of wheels caught her ear, and she shouted loudly, but to no avail. The moments passed slowly. Once she heard steps and voices, but they did not slacken at the sound of her cry, and again all was still.

That oppressive, awful silence of the long summer afternoon Dorothy will never forget. The hot May sunshine grew intolerable. The stone walls glared fiercely in the brown eyes. The scorched air closed around her like a cloud of fire. The blood rushed to her head in torrents, as though every drop in her body was streaming to her brain. Her feet and limbs grew cold. The breath of the people-blossoms came to her like a vague, sweet memory. The crickets hummed a ceaseless tune. A bird flew to the elm-tree over the porch with a burst of glad song which maddened the girl.

And the happy party was rowing on the clear, cool lake without thought or care for her. Frederick Morris's gray eyes were looking into Belle Kenyon's blue ones, and perhaps even now she was saying, with a mocking laugh: "Oh! that queer little Quakeress! She is so old-fashioned and crude." So her thoughts tortured her.

Dorothy was growing dizzy and faint with looking at the ground beneath. A sound of rushing winds or waters filled her ears. An intolerable thirst took possession of her. The shadows on the soft green grass grew long, and she knew that hours had passed. Then two bewildering thoughts flashed through her dazzled brain. She loved Frederick Morris; and she was going to die. She grew half unconscious, half delirious. A thousand little demons were piercing her temples with red-hot wires. She was going to die. What did that mean? To let go of love and light and to go out into darkness and mystery. And she loved sunshine and life and color.

"People always remember their sins when they come to die," thought Dorothy, "but I can't think of anything I ever did, good or bad, except,—with a sudden pang of conscience, 'I didn't black the kitchen stove this morning, for I was hurried with my dress, and thought I would let it go for once. I didn't know then that I should die to-night. And Frederick will marry Belle. God help me!' And then Dorothy's mind wandered in an utterly inconsequent manner to a new mouse-trap her father had purchased that morning. A series of wild fancies danced through her brain. She was a tiny mouse, putting her head through a queer little window after a bit of cheese which lay on a geranium leaf. With a crash, the heavy door fell across her slender body, crushing the life almost out of it.

Then she was with Henry Roberts, in a boat on the lake; and Belle Kenyon and Frederick Morris rowed another boat close by. Henry's oars were of black walnut with brass tips, which kept slipping, slipping, away from him, till Henry changed to a great oaken shutter, which held her fast, while Belle and Frederick rowed away from her with light words and merry laughter.

And then in Dorothy's delirious fancy the boat was a coffin in which she lay, not dead, only stifled by the scent of the geranium leaves which were holding her down. And Dorothy broke into a great cry: "Frederick where art thou?" There was no answer but the monotonous song of the crickets; the sunshine and the apple-blossoms faded away from her, while Dorothy's soul drifted out into a swoon, that mystery so like unto death.

Fanny Roberts' and Belle Kenyon, with their attendants, waited on the green lawn, sloping down to the lake, in vain for Dorothy Caxton.

"I never knew Dorothy to break an engagement before," said Fanny. "I wonder what has become of her?"

"There is no use in waiting longer," exclaimed Belle, secretly pleased at Miss Caxton's delinquency. For it was hard to absorb Fred Morris's attention when the curly-headed Dorothy was present.

"Oh! she will certainly come," interposed Fred. "Perhaps you had better go on for your row, and I will step over and learn what has detained Miss Caxton."

"Oh, Mr. Morris! we can't get along without you," said Belle, with a coquetish glance. "I don't dare trust myself to Mr. Roberts' rowing."

"No! no! that won't do, Morris!" said Henry, "for I am disabled by a burn on my hand, so you will have to row one boat. I saw Dorothy's father this morning and he told me that he and his wife were going to Parkersville this afternoon, and I have no doubt Dorothy has gone with them."

"Let us wait for her a little longer," pleaded Fred.

But Belle declared that she never knew "so warm a May before, and should certainly faint if she didn't get out on the lake soon." Fred submitted, and the party embarked.

It was a dull afternoon to the young man. Miss Kenyon, not satisfied with Henry's evident admiration, tried in vain to beguile Fred Morris out of his indifference.

"It's all that chit of a Quakeress!" thought the young lady indignantly. She turned carelessly to Fred, and remarked: "How queer Dorothy Caxton is! Don't you think she might as well adopt the Quaker costume outright as wear those prim, plain dresses of hers?"

"I think Miss Caxton dresses in very good taste," replied Fred, mentally contrasting pretty Dorothy in her white gowns with the elaborately dressed figure opposite him, much to the credit of the demure little Quaker maiden.

"She is so prim and old-fashioned with her absurd 'thees' and 'thons,'" laughed Belle. "She might drop all that; there are so few Quaker families in this vicinity."

"And I think," retorted Fred, pulling savagely at his oars, "that nothing is sweeter than Dorothy's quaint speech, except Dorothy herself."

"I beg your pardon," said Belle, with an unpleasant smile. "I had no idea I was treading on such delicate ground."

With one pretext or another Belle kept them on the lake until nearly sunset, but at last Fred gratefully pulled up to the shore. Declining Fanny's invitation to tea, Fred started over the hill to John Caxton's; a vague fear in his heart lest some evil had happened to Dorothy. The sun was just

going down as he pushed open the gate and walked toward the house.

"Dorothy must be at home," he said, "for the front door is wide open." Seeing the slender figure in white at the window, he called softly, "Dorothy! Dorothy!" There was no answer. Something unnatural and rigid in the pose drew his attention, and then he saw the blind hanging the girl so restlessly. In another instant he had dashed up stairs into Dorothy's chamber, thrown up the blind, and held the unconscious girl in his arms. How strangely she looked; the pretty face suffused with a purple flush; the veins swollen and inflamed; the faded roses falling from her breast. Carrying Dorothy reverently to the bed, Fred applied restoratives and had the happiness at last to see the brown eyes un



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TOURS IN HASTE.

...dainty monogram, ...three little letters interlaced, ...the notes she used to write— ...singing them over, "Yours in haste."

The world was young and so was I; ...I was to think that in the whirl ...she says one moment all for me, ...to glad my heart—my radiant girl!

The world is old and so am I; ...and since my love became my wife, ...seems to me I've somehow been ...too late for everything in life.

With ribbons flying, gown awry, ...with panting breath and boots unlaced, ...true to her vows of yore, she's been, ...and now and ever—mine—"in haste."

—The Century.

Didn't Like the Country.

...man was canvassing in southern Dakota ...money for the "homestead monu- ...which is proposed to erect at Mit- ...He rode up to one shack and ad- ...a man sitting in front of him: ...Good morning, my friend."

"Good morning," he replied. "I have ...been here for some time."

"I am a canvasser for—"

"I don't want no hall insurance."

"But this isn't insurance of any kind; it ...is the fruit trees I want."

"Yes, but I am not a true agent. This ...something that I am sure you will like to ...your name."

"Never sign no papers for strangers."

"Of course, but let me explain. We are ...ing money to erect a monument to the ...died land."

"No, the idea is to erect an imposing ...stone shaft, 160 feet high, in the center of ...quarter section of land, to perpetuate the ...memory of the untold benefits of the home- ...land."

"Yes, I calculate they are untold. I ...don't hear much 'bout 'em in these parts."

"What's that you think you have derived ...from the benefits of the homestead?"

"Not that I know of."

"I don't believe you like farming."

"Oh, farin' is all right when you live in ...the country—a place where there's ...trees where a feller kin chop an' git a ...rationally, or a coon. Why, stranger, ...grain 'a coon in this hull country, an' ...know it."

"Where did you live formerly?"

"Michigan, north'n Mich'gan."

"You can't give me anything for the ...ment?"

"Not a danged cent. But I'll tell yer, if ...I'll get up a collect'n to build a 'sylum for ...dressed folks that come out here where ...yer can't chop, or trap maple sugar, or ...get squirrels, or bile b'ar or hunt bee ...or give yer slip 'ry elm or see a hoop ...for a year, or over hear a coon for the ...blamed summer, yer'll chip in the ...a good hoss."—*Estelle (Dak.)*

He was Turner.

The greatest problem of the day," re- ...d Police Captain Mount solemnly as ...at the steps of headquarters last night ...taining a crowd of citizens on various ...s, "is one which I have been forced to ...ly deeply, but which I am afraid is be- ...me."

"What is that, Captain," timidly inquired ...anxious but admiring listener.

"It is this," responded the veteran com- ...mander of the Nineteenth with evident feel- ...ing.

"How can the old maids and small boys ...of this great city be reconciled to one an- ...other?"

"There is a serious diff—" began the ...oldest citizen, but the Captain cut him off ...with a wave of his hand.

"Anything serious? Why, I should say ...I tell you the boys and old maids are ...ing. There are twenty quarrels a day be- ...tween them in my precinct, and I dare say ...black William has nearly as many. There ...always a crowd of old women at my house ...waiting to see me before breakfast, and ...ing string at the station-house to urge me ...to kill every small boy in the ward because ...they have broken a few windows playing ...ball or ended a cat or two. Then the boys ...are around and kick because the old ladies ...n't let them have any fun. I tell you ...after the lads or the old gals have got to go ...there will never be any peace. The ...subject that ever tackled me was a ...and ancient dame whom I naturally ...for a first-class old maid. She stood ...at the desk one morning as I entered the ...station-house.

"Is this Capt. Mount?" she said. "It ...is," I said. "Then, says she, 'I want to ...know why we taxpayers have to submit to ...having our front windows broken by lawless ...crowds of wild boys when we support the ...police force in idleness. I am Mrs. Turner, ...and I live at No. 893 East Forty-seventh ...street. One of my basement windows was ...broken by a little rascal yesterday, and ...that makes two in a few years. I have lived ...in my house for twenty years, and I never ...there seen a policeman go by yet."

"Stop right there, madam," says I. "You ...don't live in the rear, then, or never look ...out of the windows, for I have a roundsman ...who lives at No. 870, just beyond you, and ...who passes your house at least five times a ...day in uniform."

"I don't care," she snapped, "about ...your roundsman. My opinion is that you ...police are a lazy set of good-for-nothing ...men."

"And begging your pardon, ma'am," ...says I, "my opinion is that you are a female ...crank of the worst kind."

"A female crank?" she gasped, clutching ...her skirt. "A female crank! My! I will ...tell Mr. Turner. He is a friend of Commis- ...sioner French. You have deeply insulted a ...respectable lady."

"Well," continued the Captain laughing, ..."the old dame fumed out, and I forgot ...about the matter until the next evening. ...She was standing on the corner near the sta- ...tion-house with one of my men when a gen- ...tleman, a stranger to me, tapped me on the ...shoulder. 'Captain,' says he, 'come and have ...a cigar.' I went along, got the cigar, and ...was puzzling my brains to think who the

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